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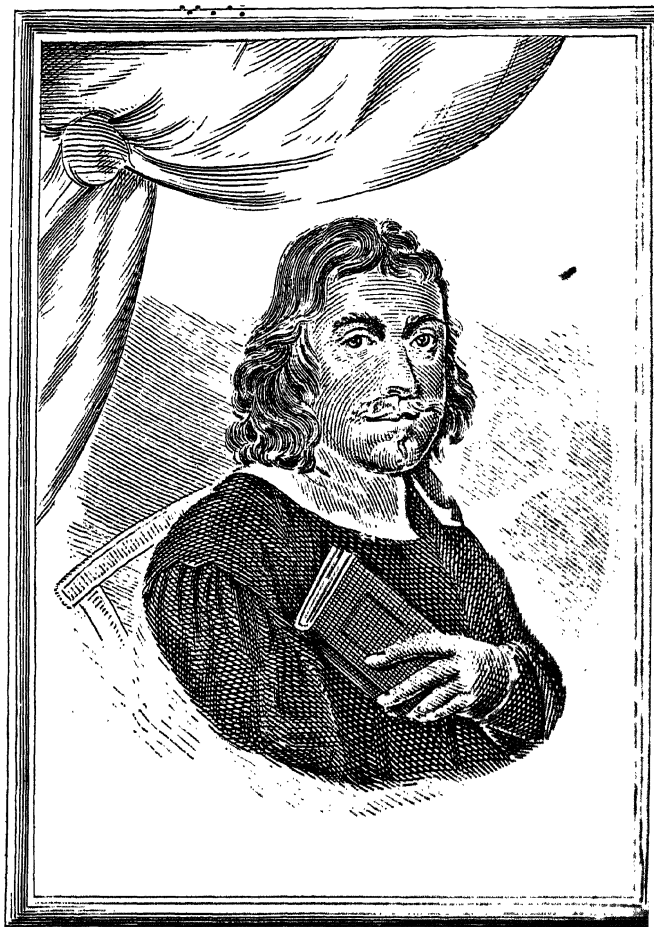


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A B O O K *for*
BOYS *and* GIRLS

JOHN BUNYAN



JOHN BUNYAN.

A BOOK
for
BOYS AND GIRLS
OR
COUNTRY RHYMES
FOR CHILDREN

(FIRST PUBLISHED, MAY 12, 1686)

BY JOHN BUNYAN



EDITED BY
E. S. BUCHANAN

With twelve colored illustrations

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

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NEW YORK

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TO THOSE WHO APPRECIATE
JOHN BUNYAN'S HUMOR
AND HOLINESS

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INTRODUCTION

—

The story of John Bunyan's life is found in his book *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. In this work he tells us of his spiritual temptations, and of the merciful kindness and working of God with his soul. Allegorically the same story is repeated in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, where we read of Christian's encounter with Giant Despair and of his fierce fight with Apollyon. The same battles take place in *The Holy War*, Bunyan's other great allegory. The stage for all of these conflicts is the human spirit. The enemy is Satan. The town is Mansoul. The besiegers are the Diabolonians. The rightful Prince is Immanuel. In fact the theme of every one of Bunyan's works is man's spirit under temptation, the outcome of his successful or unsuccessful fight against the tempter being Heaven or Hell.

Born in 1628, in the village of Elstow, about a mile from Bedford, Bunyan outwardly followed the peaceful trade of a tinker, but inwardly was fighting with unseen foes from his youth up. Later in life, at the age of twenty-seven, he became the minister of a Dissenting Congregation in Bedford. After enjoying this ministry undisturbed for five years, he was arrested in 1660 (the year of the Restoration of Charles II) and sent to prison. His indictment stated that "John Bunyan of the town of Bedford, labourer, hath devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles to the great disturbance and dis-

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traction of the good subjects of the kingdom, contrary to the laws of our Sovereign Lord King Charles II, etc." The Chairman of quarter sessions in sentencing Bunyan said: "Hear your judgment. You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end if you do not submit and go to church to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm. And if after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone ye shall be found in this realm, you must hang by the neck for it; I tell you plainly." Thus spake one of the Bloodmen unto the faithful servant of Immanuel.

Although Bunyan had a wife and four children under ten years old dependent on him, viz., Mary (who was born blind), Elizabeth, John and Thomas, this weighed nothing with his cruel persecutors. So to prison he went, and remained there more than twelve years. His enemies by imprisoning him prevented his preaching the Gospel to a few scattered villagers in the vicinity of Bedford. But in prison he wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which in the past two and a half centuries, has proclaimed in many tongues the good tidings of salvation to many millions, and will doubtless proclaim it to countless millions more as long as the race of man continues on earth its God-ordained struggle.

This little work called *A BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS* was published in 1686, two years before his death, by Bunyan himself. Very soon after his death it was drastically rehandled in the year 1701 by an unknown Puritan, with a good conceit of himself, who dropped out altogether

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twenty-five of Bunyan's poems, and published the remaining forty-nine in a revised version embodying several hundred corrections of his own. A copy dated 1701 of this second edition is one of the treasures of the Bodleian Library.

All subsequent editions during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were but reprints of this revised and sadly reduced edition of 1701, to which the new name had been given of *Divine Emblems*. Mr. Bowdler treated Shakespeare less cavalierly than his Puritan reviser treated John Bunyan. *A BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS*, which is obviously not a work intended merely for children, was nevertheless an attempt to teach the youth of the land. It was in this respect a precursor of the English Sunday School. Children in the Church of England (since the Reformation) were taught the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Apostles' Creed as a preparation for confirmation. In keeping with this tradition Bunyan begins his work with the Ten Commandments. And in his first ten poems he includes a rhymed version of the Lord's Prayer, and another of the Apostles' Creed.

The Puritan reviser threw out all these church pieces except the poetic paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, and began his *Divine Emblems* with Bunyan's thirty-third poem *Upon the Barren Fig Tree in Christ's Vineyard*. This he followed with Bunyan's twenty-third poem *Upon the Lark and the Fowler*. Next he gave Bunyan's forty-fifth poem *Upon the Vine Tree*; and then printed his *Meditations Upon an Egg*.

Among the poems passed over in silence in this second (and subsequent) editions were many containing some of the

INTRODUCTION

author's most characteristic and charming work. No verses of Bunyan are more self-revelatory than those of the poem, numbered twenty-nine in his collection, *Upon a Ring of Bells*, with its closing lines:

O Lord! *If Thy Poor Child* might have his will,
And might his meaning freely to Thee tell,
He never of this music has his fill,
There's nothing to him like Thy ding, dong, bell.

The short piece entitled *Upon the Horse in the Mill* is also in Bunyan's best manner, being poetically and philosophically far above the level of his *Barren Fig Tree* and even preferable to his *Meditations Upon an Egg*:

Horses that work in the mill must hood-winked be,
For they'll be sick, or giddy if they see.
But keep them blind enough, and they will go
That way which would a seeing horse undo.

Thus 'tis with those that do go Satan's round;
No seeing man can live upon his ground.
Then let us count those unto sin inclined
Either beside their wits, bewitched, or blind.

This estimate of those inclined to sin was not that of the Puritans, who were extreme to mark anything done amiss and demanded the utmost penalty of the law for every delinquent. We are not surprised that Bunyan's Puritan reviser threw this gem aside.

Combined with his tender heart Bunyan had a sense of humour that distinguishes him utterly from his co-religion-

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ists. In this he surpasses even the mighty Milton. His poem *Of the Fatted Swine* is one of the most humorous productions to be found in any language. His apostrophe to the Pig gives us eighteen lines of sparkling merriment, which as with all Bunyan's work, is entirely original. He begins it in mock heroic style *Ah, Sirrah!* just as he begins his cuckoo poem with the apostrophe *Thou booby!* We commend both these poems to the modern behaviourists, when they undertake to explain to us why animals behave as animals.

Bunyan's lines *Upon a Frog* are also full of suppressed mirth, especially when he likens the frog's large mouth to that of those of whom Milton says "their Gospel was their maw." The same quaint quality predominates in some other poems, viz., *On the Cackling of a Hen*, *Of the Mole in the Ground*, *Upon the Beggar*, *Of The Boy and Butterfly*, *Upon the Horse and his Rider*.

The Sinner and the Spider exhibits a similar semi-serious tone in a dialogue poem of considerable length. This poem gives us the Puritan teaching of the total depravity of human nature, which was said to have more venom than the spider. It has in parts the charm of some of the shorter pieces, but in more diluted form.

Bunyan is deeply serious in his *Meditations upon a Candle*, giving us a sermon in verse on the work of grace in the human heart. It is a poetic compendium of *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, and deserves careful study from all who desire to understand Bunyan's Gospel, which has a Grace foundation. It is a poem that by its sustained and

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simple, yet fascinating imagery gives us some new thought every time that we read it.

The value of *A BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS* is in the purity of soul and purpose that shines through every line of it. In these days of purposeless productions, such as *Peter Rabbit*, which begins and ends with the rabbit himself, it is a pleasure to turn to an author who takes in *two worlds* in all that he writes.

If it be true that we come of heavenly breath, and our happiness consists in seeking the face of God from Whom we came, we should be grateful to those who keep alive in us the sense of our divine origin and the expectancy of that meeting with Christ to which we are all hastening. If it be true that we have a fight to wage with the enemy who blots God and God's love from our sight with his blinding allurements, we should if forewarned be forearmed, and so shun falling into the pit prepared for the unwary.

Let a man think that the *summum bonum* of existence is to acquire this world's good things, Bunyan's works will probably be to him an unmitigated bore. But if we believe that we are born for futurity, and for a place with Christ after this short and not altogether satisfactory life is ended, then we shall find in Bunyan a precursor in the heavenly way, a vaunt-courier who has run thither before us, and from his place of vantage beckons us to follow him as he followed Christ.

"Not to leave us here on this earth (says Martin Luther) with its troubles and sorrows, its *poor* wants and pleasures,

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did Christ come from Heaven, die on the cross, and rise again; still less to leave us in the dust and corruption of the grave; but to bring us to another life, where we shall need no more to eat and drink and toil, shall never more suffer, be sorrowful, or die."

Bunyan's works are a candle to many in our days that is greatly needed; and the American Tract Society, in relighting this candle three hundred years after Bunyan's birth, is not only doing a good work for the whole of Christendom, but is rendering an indispensable service to the entire human race.

Good candles don't offend except sore eyes,
Nor hurt unless it be the silly flies;
Thus none like burning candles *in the night*,
Nor ought to holy living for delight.

But let us draw towards the candle's end;
The fire, you see, doth wick and tallow spend,
As grace man's life, until his plan is run,
And so the candle and the man is done. .

The man now lays him down upon his bed;
The wick yields up its fire, and so is dead.
The candle now extinct is; but *the man*
By grace mounts up to glory, there to stand.

New York City,
March 22, 1928.

TO THE READER

COURTEOUS READER!

THE title-page will shew, if there thou look,
Who are the proper subjects of this book.
They're Boys and Girls, of all sorts and degrees,
From those of age to children on the knees;
Thus comprehensive am I in my notions;
They tempt me to it by their childish motions.
We now have boys with beards, and girls that be -
Big as old women, wanting gravity.

Then do not blame me, cause I thus describe them;
Flatter I may not, lest thereby I bribe them
To have a better judgment of themselves
Than wise men have of babies on their shelves,
Their antic tricks, fantastic modes and way,
Shew they, like very boys and girls, do play
With all the frantic fopperies of this age;
And that in open view, as on a stage;
Our bearded men do act like beardless boys,
Our women please themselves with childish toys.

Our ministers long time by word and pen
Dealt with them, counting them not boys but men.
Thunder-bolts they shot at them, and their toys;
But hit them not; 'cause they were girls and boys.
The better charge, the wider still they shot,
Or else so high, these *dwarfs* they touched not,
Instead of men, they found them girls and boys,
Addict to nothing as to childish toys.

TO THE READER

Wherefore, good Reader, that I save them may
I now with them the very *dotterel* play.
And since at gravity they make a tush,
My very beard I cast behind the bush. .
And, like a fool, stand fingering of their toys, .
And all to shew them they are girls and boys. .

Nor do I blush, although I think some may
Call me a baby, 'cause I with them play:
I do 't to shew them how each *fingle-fangle*,
On which they doting are, their souls entangle,
As with a web, a trap, a gin, or snare:
And will destroy them, have they not a care.

Paul seemed to play the fool, that he might gain
Those that were fools in deed, if not in grain;
And did it by *their* things that they might know
Their emptiness, and might be brought unto
What would them save from sin and vanity:
A noble act, and full of honesty

Yet he, nor I, would like them be in vice,
While by their *playthings*, I would them entice
To mount their thoughts from what are childish toys
To Heaven, for that's prepared for girls and boys.
Nor do I so confine myself to these .
As to shun graver things. I seek to please .
Those more composed, with better things than toys; .
Though thus I would be catching girls and boys. .

TO THE READER

Wherefore, if men have now a mind to look,
Perhaps their graver fancies may be took
With what is here, though but in homely rhymes:
But he who pleases all must rise betimes.
Some, I persuade me, will be finding fault,
Concluding here I trip and there I halt.

No doubt some could these groveling notions raise
By fine-spun terms that challenge might the bays.
But should all men be forced to lay aside
Their brains that cannot regulate the tide
By this or that man's fancy, we should have
The wise unto the fool become a slave.

What though my text seems mean, my morals be
Grave, as if fetched from a sublimer tree.
And if some better handle can a fly,
Than some a text, why should we them deny
Their making proof, or good experiment,
Of smallest things, great mischiefs to prevent?

Wise *Solomon* fools unto ants did send,
To learn true wisdom, and their lives to mend.
Yea, God, by swallows, cuckoos, and the ass,
Shews they are fools who let that season pass
Which He put in their hand *that* to obtain
Which is both present, and eternal, gain.

TO THE READER

I think the wiser sort my rhymes may slight, .
But what care I? The foolish will delight .
To read them; and the foolish, God has chose; .
And doth by foolish things their minds compose, .
And settle upon that which is divine: .
Great things, by little ones, are made to shine. .

I could, were I so pleased, use higher strains;
And for applause on tenters stretch my brains;
But what needs that? The arrow out of sight
Does not the sleeper nor the watchman fright:
To shoot too high doth but make children gaze; .
'Tis that which hits the man doth him amaze. .

As for the inconsiderableness
Of things by which I do my mind express;
May I by them bring some good thing to pass,
As *Samson* with the jaw-bone of an ass;
Or as brave *Shamgar*, with his ox's goad,
(Both things not manly, nor for war in mode;)
I have my end, though I myself expose .
To scorn; God will have glory in the close. .

Thus much for artificial babes; and now
To those, who are in years but such, I bow
My pen to teach them what the letters be,
And how they may improve their A, B, C!
Nor let my pretty children them despise:
All needs must there begin that would be wise.

TO THE READER

Nor let *them* fall under discouragement,
Who at their horn-book stick, and time have spent
Upon that A, B, C,* while others do
Into their Primer, or their Psalter go.
Some boys with difficulty do begin, .
Who in the end the bays and laurel win. .

J. B.

*These lines were followed in the original edition by a page containing the Alphabet, a second page showing Arabic and Roman numerals and a third page giving the most commonly used Christian names of boys and girls. The author intended this book to be used as a school-book, as well as a an elemental work on divinity.

I

UPON
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

THOU shalt not have another God but Me:
Thou shalt not to an image bow the knee.
Thou shalt not take the Name of God in vain:
See that the sabbath thou do not profane.
Honour thy father and thy mother too:
In act, or thought, see thou no murder do.
From fornication keep thy body clean:
Thou shalt not steal, though thou be very mean.
Bear no false witness; keep thee without spot;
What is thy neighbour's, see thou covet not.

II

THE AWAKENED CHILD'S
LAMENTATION

WHEN Adam was deceived,
I was of life bereaved;
Of late, too, I perceived
I was in sin conceived.

And as I was born naked,
I was with filth bespaked:
At which when I awaked,
My soul and spirit shaken.

My filth grew strong, and boiled,
And me throughout defiled;
Its pleasures me beguiled;
My soul! How art thou spoiled!

My joys with sin were painted;
My mind with sin was tainted;
My heart with guilt had fainted;
I wasn't with God acquainted.

I have in sin abounded,
My heart therewith is wounded,
With fears I am surrounded,
My spirit is confounded.

I have been often called,
By sin as oft enthralled,
Pleasures have me forestalled,
How is my spirit galled!

As sin has me infected,
I am thereof detected;
Mercy I have neglected;
I fear I am rejected.

The Word I have misused;
Good counsel too refused;
Thus I myself abused;
How can I be excused?

When other children prayed,
That work I then delayed,
Ran up and down and played,
And thus from God have strayed.

Had I in God delighted,
And my wrong-doings righted,
I had not thus been frightened,
Nor, as I am, benighted.

O that God would be pleased
Towards me to be appeased,
And heal me thus diseased,
How should I then be eased!

But truth I have despised,
My follies idolized,
Saints with reproach disguised,
Salvation nothing prized.

O Lord, I am ashamed
When I do hear Thee named,
'Cause Thee I have defamed,
And lived like beasts untamed.

Would God I might be saved,
Might have a heart like David;
This I have sometimes craved,
Yet am by sin enslaved.

Vanity I have loved,
My heart from God removed,
And not, as me behoved,
The means of grace improved.

O Lord! If I had cried
(When I told tales and lied)
For mercy and denied
My lusts, I had not died.

But mercy's gate is locked,
Yea, up that way is blocked;
Yea, some that there have knocked,
God at their cries hath mocked.

'Cause Him they had disdained,
Their wicked ways maintained,
From godliness refrained,
And on His Word complained.

I would I were converted,
Would sin and I were parted;
For folly I have smarted;
God make me honest-hearted!

I have to grace appealed:
Would 'twere to me revealed,
And pardon to me sealed:
Then should I soon be healed!

Whose nature God hath mended,
Whose sinful course is ended,
Who is to life ascended,
Of God is much befriended.

O! Were I reconciled
To God, I, though defiled,
Should be as one that smiled,
To think my death was spoiled!

Lord! Thou wast crucified,
For sinners bled and died;
I have for mercy cried;
Let me not be denied.

I have Thy Spirit grieved;
Yet is my life reprieved;
Would I in Thee believed,
Then I should be relieved!

Were but repentance gained,
And had I faith unfeigned,
Then joy would be maintained
In me, and sin restrained.

But this is to be noted,
I have on folly doted,
My vanities promoted,
Myself to them devoted.

Thus I have sin committed
And so myself outwitted;
Yea, and my soul unfitted
To be to Heaven admitted.

But God has condescended,
And pardon has extended
To such as have offended,
Because their lives were ended.

O Lord! Do not disdain me,
But kindly entertain me;
Yea, in Thy faith maintain me,
And let Thy love constrain me!

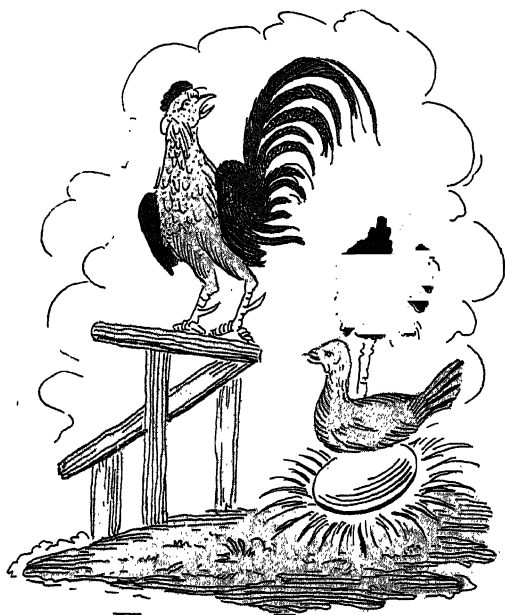
III

MEDITATIONS UPON AN EGG.

THE Egg's no chick by falling from the hen;
Nor man a Christian till he's born again.
The Egg's at first contained in the shell;
Men, afore grace, in sins and darkness dwell.
The Egg, when laid, by warmth is made a chicken;
And Christ by grace those dead in sin doth quicken.
The Egg, when first a chick, the shell's its prison;
So's flesh to the soul, who yet with Christ is risen!
The shell doth crack, the chick doth chirp and peep;
The flesh decays as men do pray and weep.

The shell doth break, the chick's at liberty;
The flesh falls off, the soul mounts up on high.
But both do not enjoy the self-same plight;
The soul is safe, the chick now fears the kite.

But chicks from rotten Eggs do not proceed;
Nor is an hypocrite a saint indeed.
The rotten Egg, though underneath the hen,
If cracked, stinks, and is loathsome unto men.
Nor doth her warmth make what is rotten sound;
What's rotten, rotten will at last be found.



Upon an Egg .

The hypocrite, sin has him in possession,
He is a rotten Egg under profession.

Some Eggs bring cockatrices: and some men
Seem hatched and brooded in the viper's den.
Some Eggs bring wild-fowls; and some men there be
As wild as are the wildest fowls that flee.
Some Eggs bring spiders; and some men appear
More venom'd than the worst of spiders are.
Some Eggs bring ants too; and some seem to me
As much for trifles as the ants to be.
Thus divers Eggs do produce divers shapes,
As like some men as monkeys are like apes.

But this is but an Egg; were it a chick,
Here had been legs, and wings and bones to pick.

IV

UPON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father which in heaven art,
Thy Name be always hallowed:
Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done;
Thy heavenly path be followed
By us on earth, as 'tis with Thee,
We humbly pray:
And let our bread us given be
From day to day.

Forgive our debts, as we forgive
Those that to us indebted are.
Into temptation lead us not;
But save us from the wicked's snare.
The Kingdom's Thine, the Power, too;
We Thee adore;
The glory also shall be Thine
For evermore.

V

MEDITATIONS UPON THE PEEP
OF DAY.

I OFT, though it be peep of day, don't know
Whether 'tis night, whether 'tis day or no;
I fancy that I see a little light,
But cannot yet distinguish day from night:
I hope, I doubt, but steady yet I be not,
I am not at a point, the sun I see not.

Thus 'tis with such, who grace but now
possessed;
They know not yet if they are curst or blessed.

VI

UPON THE FLINT IN THE WATER.

THIS Flint, time out of mind, has there abode,
Where crystal streams make their continual road;
Yet it abides a Flint as much as 'twere
Before it touch'd the water or came there.

Its hard obdurateness is not abated;
'Tis not at all by water penetrated.
Though water hath a soft'ning virtue in't,
This stone it can't dissolve, 'cause 'tis a Flint.

Yea, though it in the water doth remain,
It doth its fiery nature still retain.
If you oppose it with its opposite,
At you, yea, in your face its fire 't will spit.

COMPARISON.

This Flint an emblem is of those that lie
Like stones under the Word until they die.
Its crystal stream hath not their nature changed,
They are not from their lusts by grace estranged.

VII

UPON THE FISH IN THE WATER.

THE water is the Fish's element;
Take her from thence, none can her death prevent;
And some have said, who have transgressors been,
As good not be, as to be kept from sin.

The water is the Fish's element; .
Leave her but there, and she is well content, .
So's he, who in the path of life doth plod, .
Take all, says he, let me but have my God. .

The water is the Fish's element;
Her sportings there to her are excellent;
So is God's service unto holy men, .
They are not in their element till then. .

VIII

UPON THE SWALLOW.

THIS pretty Bird, oh! how she flies and sings!
But could she do so if she had not wings?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace,
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease.

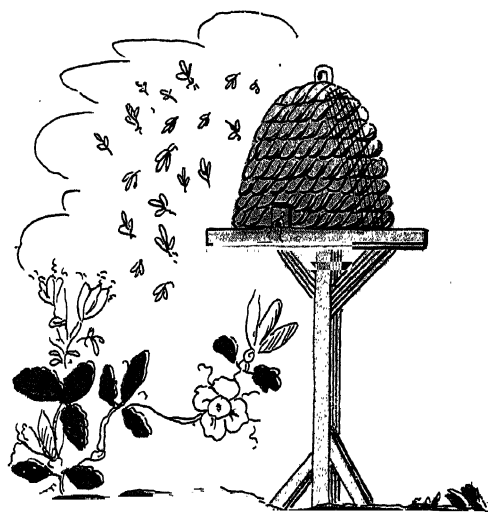
IX

UPON THE BEE.

THE Bee goes out and honey home doth bring;
And some who seek that honey find a sting.
Now wouldst thou have the honey, and be free
From stinging? In the first place, kill the Bee.

COMPARISON.

This Bee an emblem truly is of sin,
Whose sweet, unto a many, death hath been.
Now wouldst have sweet from sin, and yet not die,
Do thou it in the first place mortify.



The Bees

X
UPON THE CREED.

I do believe in God;
And in His only Son;
Born of a woman, yet begot*
Before the world begun.
I also do believe
That He was crucified,
Was dead and buried; and yet
Believe He never died.*
The third day I believe
He did rise from the dead;
Went up to Heaven, and is of God
Of all things made the Head.
Also I do believe
That He from thence shall come
To judge the quick and dead, and to
Give unto all just doom.

Moreover I believe
In God, the Holy Ghost;
And that there is an Holy Church,
An universal host.
Also I do believe
That sin shall be forgiven;
And that the dead shall rise; and that
The saints shall dwell in Heaven.

**As to His Godhead.*

XI

UPON A LOWERING MORNING.

WELL, with the Day I see the clouds appear,
And mix the light with darkness every where;
This threatening is to travellers that go
Long journeys; slabby rain they'll have, or snow.
Else while I gaze the sun doth with his beams,
Belace the clouds as 'twere with bloody streams;
This done, they suddenly do watery grow,
And weep, and pour their tears out where they go.

COMPARISON.

Thus 'tis when gospel-light doth usher in
To us both sense of grace, and sense of sin;
Yea, when it makes sin red with Christ His blood,
Then we can weep till weeping does us good.

XII

UPON OVER-MUCH NICENESS.

'Tis much to see how over-nice some are
About the body and household affair:
While what's of worth they slightly pass it by,
Not doing it, or doing it slovenly.

Their house must be well furnish'd, be in print;
Meanwhile their soul lies by, has no good in't.
Its outside also they must beautify,
When in it there's scarce common honesty.

Their bodies they must have tricked up and trim:
Their inside full of filth up to the brim.
Upon their clothes there must not be a spot; •
But are their lives more than one common blot? •

How nice, how coy are some about their diet,
That can their crying souls with hog's meat quiet;
All drest must to a hair be, else 'tis naught,
While of the living bread they have no thought.
Thus for their outside they are clean and nice, •
While their poor inside stinks with sin and vice. •

XIII

MEDITATIONS UPON A CANDLE

MAN's like a Candle,—in a Candlestick, .
Made up of tallow, and a little wick; .
And as the Candle is when 'tis not lighted,
So is he who is in his sins benighted.

Nor can a man his soul with grace inspire, .
More than can Candles set themselves on fire. .

Candles receive their light from what they are not:
Men grace from Him, for Whom at first they care
not.

We manage Candles when they take the fire;
God men, when He with grace doth them inspire.

And biggest Candles give the better light, .
As grace on biggest sinners shines most bright. .

The Candle shines to make another see; .
A saint unto his neighbour light should be. .

The blinking Candle we do much despise:
Saints dim of light are high in no man's eyes.

Again, though it may seem to some a riddle,
We use to light our Candle at the middle:
True, light doth at the Candle's end appear,
And grace the heart first reaches by the ear.
But 'tis the wick the fire doth kindle on,
As 'tis the heart that grace first works upon.
Thus both do fasten upon what's the main,
And so their life and vigour do maintain.

The tallow makes the wick yield to the fire,
And sinful flesh doth make the soul desire
That grace may kindle on it, in it burn;
So evil makes the soul from evil turn.

But Candles in the wind are apt to flare;
And Christians, in a tempest, to despair.

The flame also with smoke attended is;
And in our holy lives there's much amiss.

Sometimes a thief will candle-light annoy:
And lusts do seek our graces to destroy.

What brackish is will make a Candle sputter;
Twixt sin and grace there's oft a heavy clutter.

Sometimes the light burns dim, 'cause of the snuff,
Sometimes it is blown quite out with a puff;
But watchfulness preventeth both these evils,
Keep Candles 'light, and grace in spite of devils.

Nor let not snuffs nor puffs make us to doubt
Our Candles may be lighted though puff'd out.

The Candle in the night doth all excel,
Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars then shine so well.
So is the Christian in our hemisphere,
Whose light shews others how their course to steer.

When Candles are put out, all's in confusion;
Where Christians are not, devils make intrusion.
Then happy are they who such Candles have;
All others dwell in darkness and the grave.

But Candles that do blink within the socket,
And saints whose heads are always in their pocket,
Are much alike; such Candles make us fumble;
And at such saints, good men and bad do stumble.

Good Candles don't offend, except sore eyes,
Nor hurt, unless it be the silly flies;
Thus none like burning Candles in the night,
Nor ought to holy living for delight.

But let us draw towards the Candle's end;
The fire, you see, doth wick and tallow spend;
As grace man's life, until his glass is run;
And so the Candle and the man is done.

The man now lays him down upon his bed;
The wick yields up its fire, and so is dead.
The Candle now extinct is, but the man
By grace mounts up to glory, there to stand.

XIV

UPON THE SACRAMENTS.

Two Sacraments I do believe there be,
Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord:
Both mysteries divine; which do to me,
By God's appointment, benefit afford:
But shall they be my God, or shall I have
Of them so foul and impious a thought,
To think that from the curse they can me save?
Bread, wine, nor water, me no ransom bought.

XV

UPON THE SUN'S REFLECTION ON THE
CLOUDS IN A FAIR MORNING.

Look yonder! ah! methinks mine eyes do see
Clouds edged with silver, as fine garments be!
They look as if they saw that golden face,
That makes black clouds most beautiful with grace.

Unto the saints' sweet incense, or their prayer,
These smoky curdled clouds I do compare.
For as these clouds seem edged, or laced with gold,
Their prayers return with blessings manifold.

XVI

UPON APPAREL.

God gave us Clothes to hide our nakedness, -
And we by them do it expose to view, -
Our pride and unclean minds, to an excess, -
By our apparel we to others shew.

XVII

THE SINNER AND THE SPIDER.

SINNER.

WHAT black, what ugly crawling thing art thou?

SPIDER.

I am a Spider—————.

SINNER

A Spider, ay; also a filthy creature!

SPIDER.

Not filthy as thyself in name or feature.
My name entailed is to my creation;
My feature's from the God of thy salvation.

SINNER.

I am a man, and in God's image made;
I have a soul shall neither die nor fade:
God has possessed me with human reason;
Speak not against me, lest thou speakest treason.
For if I am the image of my Maker,
Of slanders laid on me He is partaker.

SPIDER.

I know thou art a creature far above me,
Therefore I shun, I fear, and also love thee.
But though thy God hath made thee such a cr'atur
Thou hast against Him often play'd the traitor.
Thy sin has fetch'd thee down; leave off to boast;
Nature thou hast defiled, God's image lost.
Yea, thou thyself a very beast hast made,
And art become like grass, which soon doth fade.
Thy soul, thy reason, yea, thy spotless state,
Sin has subjected to th' most dreadful fate.
But I retain my primitive condition,
I've all but what I lost by thy ambition.

SINNER.

Thou venom'd thing, I know not what to call thee,
The dregs of nature surely did befall thee:
Thou wast composed o' th' dross and scum of all;
Man hates thee, doth in scorn thee *Spider* call.

SPIDER.

My venom's good for something, 'cause God
made it,
Thy sin hath spoil'd thy nature, doth degrade it
Of human virtues; therefore, though I fear thee,
I will not, though I might, despise and jeer thee.



Gentleman & Spider

Thou say'st, I am the very dregs of nature,
Thy sin's the spawn of devils, 'tis no creature.
Thou say'st man hates me, 'cause I am a spider;
Poor man! thou at thy God art a derider.
My venom tendeth to my preservation;
Thy pleasing follies work out thy damnation.
Poor man! I keep the rules of my creation,
Thy sin has cast thee headlong from thy station.
I hurt nobody willingly; but thou
Art a self-murderer: thou know'st now how
To do what good is; no, thou lovest evil:
Thou fly'st God's law, adherest to the devil.

SINNER.

Ill-shapen creature! there's antipathy
'Twixt men and Spiders, 'tis in vain to lie;
I hate thee! Stand off: if thou dost come nigh me,
I'll crush thee with my foot: I do defy thee.

SPIDER.

They are ill-shaped, who warped are by sin,
Antipathy in thee hath long time been
To God; no marvel then, if me, His creature,
Thou dost defy, pretending name and feature.

But why stand off? My presence shall not throng
thee,

'Tis not my venom, but thy sin doth wrong thee.
Come, I will teach thee wisdom, do but hear me.

I was made for thy profit, do not fear me.

But if thy God thou wilt not hearken to,

What can the Swallow, Ant, and Spider do?

Yet I will speak, I can but be rejected:

Sometimes great things by small means are effected.

Hark, then! Though man is noble by creation,

He's lapsed now to such degeneration,

Is so besotted, and so careless grown,

As not to grieve though he has overthrown

Himself, and brought to bondage every thing

Created, from the Spider to the King:

This we poor sensitives do feel and see;

For subject to the curse you made us be.

Tread not upon me, neither from me go;

'Tis man which has brought all the world to woe.

The law of my creation bids me teach thee;

I will not for thy pride to God impeach thee.

I spin, I weave, and all to let thee see

Thy best performances but cob-webs be.

Thy glory now is brought to such an ebb,

It doth not much excel the Spider's web.

My webs, becoming snares and traps for flies,
Do set the wiles of hell before thine eyes.
Their tangling nature is to let thee see,
Thy sins (too) of a tangling nature be.
My den, or hole, for that 'tis bottomless,
Doth of damnation shew the lastingness,
My lying quiet till the fly is catch'd,
Shews, secretly, hell hath thy ruin hatch'd.
In that I on her seize, when she is taken,
I shew who gathers whom God hath forsaken.
The fly lies buzzing in my web to tell
Thee how the sinners roar and howl in Hell.
Now since I shew thee all these mysteries,
How canst thou hate me, or me scandalize?

SINNER.

Well! Well! I no more will be a derider;
I did not look for such things from a Spider.

SPIDER.

Come, hold thy peace; what I have yet to say,
If heeded, help thee may another day.
Since I an ugly ven'mous creature be,
There's some semblance 'twixt vile man and me.
My wild and heedless runnings are like those

Whose ways to ruin do their souls expose.
Day-light is not my time, I work i' th' night,
To shew they are like me, who hate the light.
The slightest brush will overthrow my house,
To shew false pleasures are not worth a louse.
The maid sweeps one web down, I make another
To shew how heedless ones convictions smother.
My web is no defence at all to me;
Nor will false hopes at judgment be to thee.

SINNER.

O Spider, I have heard thee, and do wonder,
A Spider should thus lighten, and thus thunder!

SPIDER.

Do but hold still, and I will let thee see
Yet in my ways more mysteries there be.
Shall not I do thee good, if I thee tell,
I shew to thee a four-fold way to Hell?
For since I set my webs in sundry places,
I shew men go to Hell in divers traces.
One I set in the window, that I might
Shew some go down to Hell with gospel-light.
One I set in a corner, as you see,
To shew how some in secret snared be.

Gross webs, great store, I set in darksome places
To shew how many sin with brazen faces.
Another web I set aloft on high,
To shew there's some professing men must die.
Thus in my ways God wisdom doth conceal;
And by my ways that wisdom doth reveal.
I hide myself when I for flies do wait,
So doth the devil when he lays his bait:
If I do fear the losing of my prey,
I stir me, and more snares upon her lay,
This way, and that, her wings and legs I tie,
That sure as she is catch'd, so she must die.
But if I see she's like to get away,
Then, with my venom, I her journey stay.
All which my ways the devil imitates
To catch men, 'cause he their salvation hates.

SINNER.

O Spider, thou delight'st me with thy skill;
I pr'ythee, spit this venom at me still.

SPIDER.

I am a Spider, yet I can possess
The palace of a king, where happiness
So much abounds. Nor, when I do go thither,

Do they ask what, or whence I come, or whither
I make my hasty travels; no, not they;
They let me pass, and I go on my way.
I seize the palace; do with hands take hold
Of doors, of locks, or bolts; yea, I am bold,
When in, to clamber up unto the throne,
And to possess it, as if 'twere my own.
Nor is there any law forbidding me
Here to abide, or in this palace be.
Yea, if I please, I do the highest stories
Ascend, there sit, and so behold the glories
Myself is compass'd with, as if I were
One of the chiefest courtiers that be there.
Here lords and ladies do come round about me,
With grave demeanour, nor do any flout me
For this my brave adventure, no, not they;
They come, they go, but leave me there to stay.
Now, my reproacher, I do by all this
Shew how thou may'st possess thyself of bliss:
Thou art worse than a Spider, but take hold
On Christ, the door, thou shalt not be controll'd:
By Him do thou the heavenly palace enter,
None chide thee will for this thy brave adventure.
Approach thou then unto the very Throne;
There speak thy mind: fear not, the day's thine own.
Nor saint, nor angel, will thee stop or stay,
But rather tumble blocks out of thy way.

My venom stops not me; let not thy vice
Stop thee: possess thyself of Paradise.
Go on, I say, although thou be a sinner,
Learn to be bold in faith of me a spinner.
This is the way the glories to possess,
And to enjoy what no man can express.
Sometimes I find the palace door up-lock'd,
And so my entrance thither is up-block'd.
But am I daunted? No; I here and there
Do feel and search; so if I any where,
At any chink, or crevice, find my way,
I crowd, I press for passage, make no stay;
And so, though difficultly, I attain
The palace; yea, the throne where princes reign
I crowd sometimes, as if I'd burst in sunder;
And art thou crush'd with striving, do not wonder.
Some scarce get in, and yet indeed they enter:
Knock! for they nothing have, that nothing venture
Nor will the King himself throw dirt on thee,
As thou hast cast reproaches upon me.
He will not hate thee, O thou foul backslider!
As thou didst me, because I am a Spider.
Now, to conclude: Since I much doctrine bring,
Slight me no more, call me not *Ugly thing!*
For wisdom God unto the ant hath given,
And Spiders may teach men the way to Heaven.

SINNER.

Well, my good Spider, I my errors see; .
I was a fool for railing upon thee.
Thy nature, venom, and thy fearful hue,
Both shew what sinners are, and what they do.
Thy way and work do also darkly tell
How some men go to Heaven, and some to Hell;
Thou art my monitor, I am a fool;
They learn may, that to Spiders go to school.

XVIII

MEDITATIONS UPON DAY BEFORE
THE SUN-RISING.

BUT all this while, where's he whose golden rays
Drives night away, and beautifies our days?
Where's he whose goodly face does warm and heal,
And shew us what the darksome nights conceal?
Where's he that thaws our ice, drives cold away?
Let's have him, or we care not for the day.

Thus 'tis with who partakers are of grace,
There's nought to them like their Redeemer's face.

XIX

OF THE MOLE IN THE GROUND.

THE Mole's a creature very smooth and slick:
She digs i'th' dirt, but 't will not on her stick.
So's he who counts this world his greatest gains,
Yet nothing gets but labour for his pains.
Earth's the Mole's element, she can't abide
To be above ground, dirt heaps are her pride:
And he is like her, who the worldling plays,
He imitates her in her works and ways.

Poor silly Mole! that thou shouldst love to be,
Where thou nor sun, nor moon, nor stars canst see!
But oh, how silly's he who doth not care,
So he gets earth, to have of Heav'n a share!

XX
OF THE CUCKOO.

THOU booby, say'st thou nothing but *Cuckoo*?
The robin and the wren can thee out-do.
They to us play, thorough their little throats,
Not one, but sundry pretty taking notes.

But thou hast fellows; some, like thee, can do
Little but suck our eggs, and sing *Cuckoo*.

Thy notes do not *first* welcome in our spring,
Nor dost thou it's *first* tokens to us bring.
Birds less than thee by far, like prophets, do
Tell us 'tis coming, though not by *Cuckoo*.

Nor dost thou summer have away with thee,
Though thou a yawling, bawling Cuckoo be.
When thou dost cease among us to appear,
Then doth our harvest bravely crown our year.

But thou hast fellows; some, like thee, can do
Little but suck our eggs, and sing *Cuckoo*.

Since Cuckoos forward not our early spring,
Nor help with notes to bring our harvest in:
And since, while here, she only makes a noise,
So pleasing unto none as girls and boys,
The formalist we may compare her to,
For he doth suck our eggs, and sing *Cuckoo*!

XXI

OF THE BOY AND BUTTERFLY.

BEHOLD how eager this our little Boy
Is for the Butterfly, as if all joy,
All profits, honours, yea, and lasting pleasures,
Were wrapt up in her, or the richest treasures,
Found in her, would be bundled up together;
When all her all is lighter than a feather.

He halloos, runs, and cries out, *Here, boys, here!*
Nor doth he brambles or the nettles fear;
He stumbles at the mole-hills, up he gets,
And runs again, as one bereft of wits;
And all this labour, and this large out-cry,
Is only for a silly Butterfly.

COMPARISON.

This little Boy an emblem is of those
Whose hearts are wholly at the world's dispose;
The Butterfly doth represent to me,
The world's best things at best but fading be.
All are but painted nothings and false joys,
Like this poor Butterfly to these our Boys.

His running thorough nettles, thorns, and briers,
To gratify his boyish fond desires,
His tumbling over mole-hills to attain
His end, namely, his Butterfly to gain,
Doth plainly shew what hazards some men run
To get what will be lost as soon as won.

Men seem in choice than children far more wise,
Because they run not after Butterflies;
When yet, alas! for what are empty toys,
They follow children, like to beardless Boys.



Boy & Butterfly

XXII

OF THE FLY AT THE CANDLE.

WHAT ails this Fly, thus desp'rately to enter
A combat with the Candle? Will she venture
To clash at light? Away, thou silly Fly;
Thus doing, thou wilt burn thy wings and die.

But 'tis a folly *her* advice to give;
She'll kill the Candle, or she will not live.
Slap, says she, *at it*: then she makes retreat,
So wheels about, and doth her blows repeat.

Nor doth the Candle let her quite escape,
But gives some little check unto the ape:
Throws up her heels it doth, so down she falls,
Where she lies sprawling, and for succour calls.

When she recovers, up she gets again,
And at the Candle comes with might and main.
But now, behold, the Candle takes the Fly,
And holds her, till she doth by burning die.

COMPARISON.

This Candle is an emblem of that light
Our Gospel gives in this our darksome night.
The Fly a lively picture is of those
That hate, and do this Gospel-light oppose.
At last the Gospel doth become their snare,
Doth them with burning hands in pieces tear.

XXIII

UPON THE LARK AND THE FOWLER.

THOU simple bird, what makes thee here to play?
Look, there's the fowler, pr'ythee come away,
Dost not behold the net? Look, there 'tis spread!
Venture a little further thou art dead.

Is there not room enough in all the field
For thee to play in, but thou needs must yield
To the deceitful glittering of a glass,
Placed between nets to bring thy death to pass?

Bird, if thou art so much for dazzling light,
Look, there's the sun above thee: dart upright:
Thy nature is to soar up to the sky;
Why wilt thou then come down to the nets, and die?
Take no heed of the fowler's tempting call;
This whistle he enchanteth birds withal;
Or if thou seest a live bird in his net,
Believe she's there 'cause thence she cannot get.

Look how he tempteth thee with his decoy,
That he may rob thee of thy life, thy joy!

Come, pr'ythee bird, I pr'ythee come away:
Why should this net thee take, when 'scape
thou may?

Hadst thou not wings, or were thy feathers pulled,
Or wast thou blind, or fast asleep wert lulled,
The case would somewhat alter; but for thee,
Thy eyes are ope; and thou hast wings to flee.

Remember that thy song is in thy rise,
Not in thy fall! Earth's not thy paradise.
Keep up aloft then; let thy circuits be
Above, where birds from fowlers' nets are free.

COMPARISON.

This fowler is an emblem of the devil;
His nets and whistle, figures of all evil.
His glass an emblem is of sinful pleasure,
And his decoy, of who counts sin a treasure.

This simple lark's a shadow of a saint,
Under allurings, ready now to faint.
This admonisher a true teacher is,
Whose work's to shew the soul its snare,—and bliss;
And how it may this fowler's net escape,
And not commit upon itself this rape.



Larks & Fowlers.

XXIV

OF THE FATTED SWINE.

AN, Sirrah! I perceive thou art corn-fed,
With best of hog's meat thou art pampered,
Thou wallowest in thy fat; up thou art stalled;
Art not, as heretofore, to hog's wash called.
Thine orts lean pigs would leap at, might
they have it!
One may see, by their whining, how they crave it.

But Hog, why look'st so big? Why dost so flounce,
So snort, and fling away? Dost now renounce
Subjection to thy lord, 'cause he has fed thee?
Thou art yet but a hog; of such he bred thee.
Lay by thy snorting, do not look so big,
What was thy predecessor but a pig?

But come, my gruntling, when thou art full-fed,
Forth to the butcher's stall thou must be led.
Then will an end be put unto thy snortings,
Unto thy boarish looks and hoggish sportings;
Then thy shrill cries will echo in the air;
Thus will my pig, for all his greatness, fare.

COMPARISON.

This emblem shews some men are in this life
Like full-fed hogs prepared for the knife.
It likewise shews some can take no reproof
More than the fatted hog, who stands aloof;
Yea, that they never will for mercy cry
Till time is past, and they for sin must die.

XXV

ON THE RISING OF THE SUN.

Look, look, brave Sol doth peep up from beneath,
Shews us his golden face, doth on us breathe;
He also doth compass us round with glories,
Whilst he ascends up to his higher stories,
Where he his banner over us displays,
And gives us light to see our works and ways.

Nor are we now as at the peep of light,
To question, *Is it day, or is it night?*
The night is gone, the shadows fled away,
And we now most sure are that it is day.
Our eyes behold it, and our hearts believe it,
Nor can the wit of man in this deceive it.
And thus it is when Jesus shews His face,
And doth assure us of His love and grace.

XXVI

UPON THE PROMISING FRUITFULNESS
OF A TREE.

A COMELY sight indeed it is to see
A world of blossoms on an Apple-tree:
Yet far more comely would this tree appear,
If all its dainty blooms young Apples were.
But how much more might one upon it see,
If all would hang there till they ripe should be.
But most of all in beauty 'twould abound,
If then none worm-eaten could there be found.

But we, alas! do commonly behold
Blooms fall apace, if mornings be but cold.
They (too) which hang till they young Apples are,
By blasting winds, and vermin, take despair.
Store that do hang, while almost ripe, we see
By blust'ring winds are shaken from the tree.
So that of many, only some there be,
That grow till they come to maturity.

COMPARISON.

This Tree a perfect emblem is of those
Which God doth plant, which in His garden grows.
Its blasted blooms are *motions* unto good,
Which chill affections do nip in the bud.

Those little Apples, which yet blasted are,
Shew, some good purposes no good fruits bear.
Those spoil'd by vermin are to let us see,
How good attempts by bad thoughts ruin'd be.

Those which the wind blows down, while they
are green,
Shew good works have by trials spoiled been.
Those that abide, while ripe, upon the tree,
Shew, in a good man, some ripe fruit will be.

Behold then, how abortive some fruits are,
Which at the first most promising appear;
The frost, the wind, the worm, with time, do shew,
There flow from much appearance works but few.

XXVII

ON THE POST-BOY.

BEHOLD this Post-boy, with what haste and speed
He travels on the road; and there is need
That he so does, his business calls for haste.
For should he in his journey now be cast,
His life for that default might hap to go;
Yea, and the kingdom come to ruin, too.

Stages are for him fixed; his hour is set,
He has a horn to sound, that none may let
Him in his haste, or give him stop or stay;
Then, Post-boy, blow thy horn, and go thy way.

COMPARISON.

This Post-boy in this haste an emblem is
Of those that are set out for lasting bliss.
Nor posts, that glide the road from day to day,
Have so much business, nor concerns, as they;
Make clear the road then! Post-boy, sound thy horn;
Miscarry here, and better ne'er been born!

XXVIII

UPON THE HORSE IN THE MILL.

HORSES that work i' the mill must hood-winked be;
For they'll be sick, or giddy, if they see.
But keep them blind enough, and they will go
That way which would a seeing horse undo.

COMPARISON.

Thus 'tis with those that do go *Satan's* round;
No seeing man can live upon his ground.
Then let us count those unto sin inclined
Either beside their wits, bewitched, or blind.

XXIX

UPON A RING OF BELLS.

BELLS have wide mouths and tongues, but are too
weak,
Have they not help, to sing, or talk, or speak.
But if you move them they will make it appear
By speaking they'll make all the town to hear.

When ringers handle them with art and skill,
They then the ears of their observers fill
With such brave notes, they ting and tang so well
As to outstrip all with their ding, dong, bell.

COMPARISON.

These Bells are like the powers of my soul;
Their clappers to the passions of my mind;
The ropes by which my Bells are made to toll
Are promises (I by experience find.)

My body is the steeple where they hang;
My graces they which do ring every Bell;
Nor is there any thing gives such a tang,
When by these ropes these ringers ring them well.

Let not my Bells these ringers want; nor ropes;
Yea, let them have room for to swing and sway;
To toss themselves deny them not their scopes;
Lord! In my steeple give them room to play!
If they do toll, ring out, or chime all in,
They drown the tempting tinkling voice of vice:
Lord! when my Bells have rung, my soul has been
As 'twere a-tumbling in this paradise!

Or if these ringers do the changes ring
Upon my Bells, they do such music make,
My soul then (Lord!) cannot but bounce and sing,
So greatly her they with their music take.
But boys (my lusts) into my belfry go,
And pull these ropes but do no music make;
They rather turn my Bells by what they do,
Or by disorder make my steeple shake.

Then, Lord! I pray Thee keep my belfry key,
Let none but graces meddle with these ropes:
And when these naughty boys come, say them Nay;
From such ringers, of music there's no hopes.

O Lord! If Thy poor child might have his will,
And might his meaning freely to Thee tell,
He never of this music has his fill;
There's nothing to him like Thy ding, dong, bell.

XXX

UPON THE THIEF.

THE Thief, when he doth steal, thinks he doth
gain;
Yet then the greatest loss he doth sustain.
Come, Thief, tell me thy gains, but do not falter!
When summ'd, what comes it to more than the halter?

Perhaps thou'lt say, *The halter I defy;*
So thou may'st say, yet by the halter die.
Thou'lt say, *Then there's an end;* no, pr'ythee, hold;
He was no friend of thine that thee so told.

Hear thou the word of God; that will thee tell,
Without repentance, Thieves must go to Hell.
But should it be as thy false prophet says,
Yet nought but loss doth come by thievish ways.

All honest men will flee thy company,
Thou liv'st a rogue, and so a rogue wilt die.
Innocent boldness thou hast none at all,
Thy inward thoughts do thee a villain call.

Sometimes, when thou liest warmly in thy bed,
Thou art like one unto the gallows led.
Fear, as a constable, breaks in upon thee,
Thou art as if the town was up to stone thee.

If hogs do grunt, or silly rats do rustle,
Thou art in consternation; think'st a bustle
By men about the door is made to take thee;
And all because good conscience doth forsake thee.

Thy case is most deplorable-ly bad;
Thou shun'st to think on't lest thou shouldst be mad:
Thou art beset with mischiefs ev'ry way,
The gallows groaneth for thee ev'ry day.

Wherefore, I pr'ythee, Thief, thy theft forbear;
Consult thy safety; pr'ythee have a care.
If once thy head be got within the noose,
'Twill be too late a longer life to choose.

As to the penitent thou readest of,
What's that to them who at repentance scoff?
Nor is that grace at thy command or power,
That thou shouldst put it off till the last hour.
I pr'ythee Thief, think on't, and turn betime:
Few go to life who do the gallows climb.



A Thief & his End

XXXI

OF THE CHILD WITH THE BIRD
AT THE BUSH.

This poem is preceded by two staves of voice music, as is also No. XXXIV

My little Bird, how canst thou sit,
And sing amidst so many thorns?
Let me but hold upon thee get,
My love with honour thee adorns.

Thou art at present little worth;
Five farthings none will give for thee:
But, pr'ythee little bird, come forth,
Thou of more value art to me.

'Tis true, it is sun-shine to-day,
To-morrow birds will have a storm;
My pretty one, come thou away,
My bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to cold o' nights,
When darkness is thy covering;
At day thy danger's great by kites,
How canst thou then sit there and sing?

Thy food is scarce and scanty too,
'Tis worms and trash which thou dost eat,
Thy present state I pity do,
Come, I'll provide thee better meat.

I'll feed thee with white bread and milk,
And sugar-plums if them thou crave;
I'll cover thee with finest silk,
That from the cold I may thee save.

My father's palace shall be thine;
Yea, in it thou shalt sit and sing:
My little Bird, if thou'lt be mine,
The whole year round shall be thy Spring.

I'll teach thee all the notes at court;
Unthought-of music thou shalt play.
And all that thither do resort
Shall praise thee for it ev'ry day.

I'll keep thee safe from cat and cur;
No manner o' harm shall come to thee:
Yea, I will be thy succourer,
My bosom shall thy cabin be.

But lo, behold, the Bird is gone!
These charmings would not make her yield:
The Child's left at the bush alone,
The Bird flies yonder o'er the field.

COMPARISON.

This Child, of Christ an emblem is,
The Bird to sinners I compare;
The thorns are like those sins of his,
Which do surround him ev'ry where.

Her songs, her food, and sun-shine day,
An emblem's of those foolish toys,
Which to destruction lead the way
The fruit of worldly, empty joys.

The arguments this Child doth choose,
To draw to him a Bird thus wild,
Shews Christ familiar speech doth use,
To make us to Him be reconcil'd.

The Bird in that she takes her wing,
To speed her from him after all,
Shews us vain man loves any thing
Much better than the heavenly call.

XXXII

OF MOSES AND HIS WIFE.

THIS Moses was a fair and comely man;
His Wife a swarthy Ethiopian;
Nor did his milk-white bosom change her skin,
She came out thence as black as she went in.

Now Moses was a type of Moses' law,
His Wife likewise of one that never saw
Another way unto eternal life;
There's myst'ry then in Moses and his Wife.

The law is very holy, just, and good;
And to it is espoused all flesh and blood;
But this its goodness it cannot bestow
On any that are wedded thereunto.

Therefore, as Moses' Wife came swarthy in,
And went out from him without change of skin,
So he that doth the law for life adore,
Shall yet by it be left a black-a-more.



Moses & his Wife

XXXIII

UPON THE BARREN FIG-TREE
IN GOD'S VINEYARD.

WHAT, barren here! in this so good a soil?
The sight of this doth make God's heart recoil
From giving thee His blessing, Barren Tree!
Bear fruit, or else thine end will cursed be!

Art thou not planted by the water side?
Know'st not, thy Lord by fruit is glorified?
The sentence is, *Cut down the Barren Tree!*
Bear fruit, or else thine end will cursed be!

Hast not been digged about and dunged too?
Will neither patience, nor yet dressing do?
The executioner is come; O Tree!
Bear fruit, or else thine end will cursed be!

He that about thy roots takes pains to dig,
Would, if on thee were found but one good fig,
Preserve thee from the axe; but, Barren Tree,
Bear fruit, or else thine end will cursed be!

The utmost end of patience is at hand,
'Tis much if thou much longer here do stand;
O cumber-ground, thou art a barren tree;
Bear fruit, or else thine end will cursed be!

Thy standing, nor thy name, will help at all;
When fruitful trees are spared thou must fall;
The axe is laid unto thy roots, O Tree!
Bear fruit, or else thine end will cursed be!

XXXIV

OF THE ROSE-BUSH.

[This poem is preceded by two staves of voice music, as is also No. XXXI.]

THIS homely bush doth to mine eyes expose
A very fair, yea, comely ruddy Rose.

This Rose doth also bow its head to me,
Saying, *Come, pluck me, I thy Rose will be:*
Yet offer I to gather Rose, or bud,
Ten to one but the bush will have my blood.

This looks like a trepan, or a decoy,
To offer, and yet snap who would enjoy;
Yea, the more eager on't, the more in danger,
Be he the master of it, or a stranger.

Bush, why dost bear a rose, if none must have it?
Why dost expose it, yet claw those that crave it?
Art become freakish? Dost the wanton play?
Or doth thy testy humour tend this way?

COMPARISON.

This Rose God's Son is with His ruddy looks;
But what's the Bush, whose pricks, like tenter-hooks,
Do scratch and claw the finest lady's hands,
Or rend her clothes, if she too near it stands?

This Bush an emblem is of Adam's race,
Of which Christ came, when He His Father's grace
Commended to us in His crimson blood,
While He in sinners' stead and nature stood.

Thus Adam's race did bear this dainty Rose,
And doth the same to Adam's race expose:
But those of Adam's race which at it catch,
Adam's race will them prick and claw and scratch.

XXXV

OF THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN.

WHAT, hast thou run thy race? Art going down?
Thou seemest angry, why dost on us frown?
Yea, wrap thy head with clouds, and hide thy face,
As threat'ning to withdraw from us thy grace?
O leave us not! When once thou hid'st thy head,
Our horizon with darkness will be spread.
Tell, Who hath thee offended? Turn again:
Alas! too late, intreaties are in vain!

COMPARISON.

Our Gospel has had here a summer's day,
But in its sun-shine we, like fools, did play;
Or else fall out, and with each other wrangle,
And did, instead of work, not much but jangle.

And if our Sun seems angry, hides his face,
Shall it go down? Shall night possess this place?
Let not the voice of night-birds us afflict,
And of our mis-spent summer us convict.

XXXVI

UPON THE FROG.

THE Frog by nature is both damp and cold,
Her mouth is large, her belly much will hold:
She sits somewhat ascending, loves to be
Croaking in gardens, though unpleasantly.

COMPARISON.

The Hypocrite is like unto this Frog:
As like as is the puppy to the dog.
He is of nature cold, his mouth is wide,
To prate, and at true goodness to deride.
He mounts his head, as if he was above
The world, when yet 'tis that which has his love.
And though he seeks in churches for to croak
He neither loveth Jesus, nor His yoke.

XXXVII

UPON THE WHIPPING OF A TOP.

'Tis with the whip the Boy sets up the top,
The Whip makes it run round upon its toe;
The whip makes it hither and thither hop;
'Tis with the Whip, the top is made to go.

COMPARISON.

Our Legalist is like unto this top.
Without a Whip, he doth not duty do.
Let Moses whip him, he will skip and hop;
Forbear to whip, he'll neither stand nor go.

XXXVIII

UPON THE ANT.

MUST we unto the Ant then go to school,
To learn of her in summer to provide
For winter next ensuing? Man's a fool,
Or silly ants would not be made his guide.

But, sluggard, is it not a shame for thee
To be outdone by Ants? Then pr'ythee hear:
Their works (too) will thy condemnation be,
When at the judgment-seat thou shalt appear.

But since thy God doth bid thee to her go,
Obey; her ways consider, and be wise;
The Ants, they tell thee will what thou must do,
And set the way to life before thine eyes.

XXXIX

UPON THE BEGGAR.

HE wants, he asks, he pleads his poverty;
They within doors do him an alms deny;
He doth repeat and aggravate his grief;
But they repulse him, give him no relief.
He begs; they say *Begone!* he will not hear;
He coughs, sighs, and makes signs he still is there;
They disregard him; he repeats his groans;
They still say *Nay*, and he himself bemoans.
They grow more rugged; they call him vagrant;
He cries the shriller; trumpets out his want.
At last, when they perceive he'll take no *Nay*,
An alms they give him, without more delay.

COMPARISON.

This Beggar doth resemble them that pray
To God for mercy, and will take no *Nay*;
But wait, and count that all His hard gainsays
Are nothing else but Fatherly delays:
Then imitate him, praying souls, and cry:
There's nothing like to importunity.

XL

UPON AN INSTRUMENT OF MUSIC
IN AN UNSKILFUL HAND.

SUPPOSE a viol, cithern, lute or harp
Committed unto him that wanteth skill,
Can he by strokes, suppose them flat or sharp,
The ear of him that hears with music fill?

No, no, he can do little else than scrape,
Or put all out of tune, or break a string,
Or make thereon a muttering like an ape,
Or like one who can neither say nor sing.

COMPARISON.

The unlearned novices in things divine
With this unskilled Musician I compare.
For such instead of making truth to shine
Abuse the Bible, and unsavoury are.

XLI

UPON 'THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

THERE'S one rides very sagely on the road,
Shewing that he affects the gravest mode;
Another rides tantivy, or full trot,
To shew much gravity he matters not.

Lo, here comes one amain, he rides full speed,
Hedge, ditch, or miry bog, he doth not heed!
One claws it up hill, without stop or check,
Another down, as if he'd break his neck!

Now ev'ry Horse has his especial Guider;
Then by his going, you may know the Rider.

COMPARISON.

Now let us turn our Horse into a man,
The Rider to a Spirit, if we can;
Then let us by the methods of the Guider,
Tell ev'ry Horse how he should know his Rider.

Some go as men direct, in a right way,
Nor are they suffered to go astray,
As with a bridle they are governed,
And kept from paths which lead unto the dead.



Horse & Rider.

*Now this good man has his especial Guider;
Then by his going, let him know his Rider.*

Some go as if they did not greatly care,
Whether of Heaven or Hell they should be heir.
The rein, it seems as laid upon their neck,
They seem to go their way without a check.

*Now this man, too, has his especial Guider;
And by his going, he may know his Rider.*

Some again run as if resolved to die,
Body and soul, to all eternity.
Good counsel they by no means can abide;
They'll have their course, whatever them betide.

*Now these poor men have their especial Guider,
Were they not fools, they soon might know their Rider.*

There's one makes head against all godliness,
Those, too, that do profess it, he'll distress:
He'll taunt and flout, if goodness doth appear:
And at its countenancers mock and jeer.

*Now this man, too, has his especial Guider,
And by his going he might know his Rider.*

XLII

UPON THE SIGHT OF A POUND OF
CANDLES FALLING TO THE GROUND.

BUT be the candles down, and scatter'd too?
Some lying here, some there? What shall we do?
Hold, light the candle there that stands on high,
It you may find the other candles by.
Light that, I say, and so take up the pound
You did let fall, and scatter on the ground.

COMPARISON.

The fallen candles to us intimate
The bulk of God's elect, in their lapsed state.
Their lying scatter'd in the dark may be
To shew by man's lapsed state his misery.

The candle that was taken down and lighted,
Thereby to find them fallen and benighted,
Is Jesus Christ: God by His light doth gather
Whom He will save, and be unto a Father.

XLIII

OF FOWLS FLYING IN THE AIR.

METHINKS I see a sight most excellent,
All sorts of birds fly in the firmament.
Some great, some small, all of a diverse kind,
Mine eye affecting, pleasant to my mind.
Look how they tumble in the wholesome air,
Above the world of worldlings, and their care!

And as they diverse are in bulk and hue,
So are they in their way of flying too.

So many birds, so many various things,
Tumbling in th' element upon their wings.

COMPARISON.

These birds are emblems of those men, that shall
Ere long possess the Heavens, their all in all.

They are each of a diverse shape and kind,
To teach, we of all nations there shall find.

They are some great, some little, as we see,
To shew some great, some small in glory be.

Their flying diversely, as we behold,
Doth show saints' joys will there be manifold,

Someglide, somemount, someflutter, and some do,
In a mix'd way of flying, glory too,
And all to shew each saint to his content
Shall roll and tumble in that firmament.

XLIV

UPON A PENNY LOAF.

THY price one penny is, in time of plenty;
In famine, doubled 'tis from one to twenty.
Yea, no man knows what price on thee to set,
When there is but one Penny Loaf to get.

COMPARISON.

This Loaf's an emblem of the Word of God,
A thing of low esteem before the rod
Of famine smites the soul with fear of death:
But then it is our all, our life, our breath.

XLV

UPON THE VINE-TREE.

WHAT is the Vine more than another tree?
Nay most, than it, more tall, more comely be;
What workman thence will take a beam or pin,
To make ought which may be delighted in?

*Its excellency in its fruit doth lie;
A fruitless Vine! It is not worth a fly.*

COMPARISON.

What are professors more than other men?
Nothing at all. Nay, there's not one in ten,
Either for wealth, or wit, that may compare,
In many things, with some that carnal are.
Good are they if they mortify their sin;
But without that, they are not worth a pin.

XLVI

THE BOY AND WATCH-MAKER.

BOY.

THIS Watch my father did on me bestow,
A golden one it is, but 'twill not go,
Unless it be at an uncertainty;
But as good none as one to tell a lie.
When 'tis high day my hand will stand at nine;
I think there's no man's Watch so bad as mine.
Sometimes 'tis sullen, 'twill not go at all,
And yet 'twas never broke, nor had a fall.

WATCH-MAKER.

Your Watch, tho' it be good, through want of skill,
May fail to do according to your will.
Suppose the balance, wheels and spring be good,
And all things else, unless you understood
To manage it, as Watches ought to be,
Your Watch will still be at uncertainty.
Come, tell me, do you keep it from the dust?
Yea, wind it also duly up you must.
Take heed (too) that you do not strain the spring;
You must be circumspect in ev'ry thing,
Or else your Watch, were it as good again,
Would not with time and tide you entertain.



The Vine Tree

COMPARISON.

This Boy an emblem is of a convert;
His Watch, of the work of grace within his heart.
The Watch-maker is Jesus Christ, our Lord.
His counsel, the directions of His word;
Then, convert, if thy heart be out of frame,
Of this Watch-maker learn to mend the same.

Do not lay ope' thy heart to worldly dust,
Nor let thy graces over-grow with rust;
Be oft renew'd in the spirit of thy mind,
Or else uncertain thou thy Watch wilt find.

XLVII

UPON THE BOY AND HIS PAPER OF PLUMS

WHAT hast thou there, my pretty boy?
Plums? How? Yes, Sir, a paper full.
I thought 'twas so because with joy
Thou did'st them out thy paper pull.

The boy goes from me, eats his plums,
Which he counts better of than bread;
But by and by he to me comes
With nought but paper and the thread.

COMPARISON.

This boy an emblem is of such
Whose lot in worldly things doth lie:
Glory they in them ne'er so much,
Their pleasant springs will soon be dry.

Their wealth, their health, honours and life,
Will quickly to a period come;
If for these is their only strife,
They soon will not be worth a plum.

XLVIII

UPON A LOOKING-GLASS.

IN this, see thou thy beauty, hast thou any;
Or thy defects should they be few or many.
Thou may'st (too) here thy spots and freckles see,
Hast thou but eyes, and what their numbers be.
But art thou blind, there is no Looking-glass
Can shew thee thy defects, thy spots, or face.

COMPARISON.

Unto this Glass we may compare the Word,
For that to man advantage doth afford,
(Has he a mind to know himself and state)
To see what will be his eternal fate.

But without eyes, alas! how can he see?
Many that seem to look here, blind men be.
This is the reason they so often read
Their judgment there, and do it nothing dread.

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XLIX

UPON A LANTERN.

THE Lantern is to keep the candle-light,
When it is windy, and a darksome night.
Ordained it also was that men might see
By night their day, and so in safety be.

COMPARISON.

Compare we now our Lantern to the man,
That has within his heart a work of grace;
As for another, let him, if he can,
Do as this Lantern, in its time and place.

Profess the faith, and thou a Lantern art:
But yet if grace has not possessed thee,
Thou want'st this candle-light within thy heart,
And art none other than dark lanterns be.

L

OF THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

THE love of Christ! poor I may touch upon;
But 'tis unsearchable. Oh! There is none
Its large dimensions can comprehend,
Should they dilate thereon world without end.

When we had sinned, in His zeal He swore,
That He upon His back our sins would bear.
And since unto sin is entailed death,
He vowed for our sins He'd lose His breath.

He did not only say, vow, or resolve,
But, to astonishment, did so involve
Himself in man's distress and misery,
As for, and with him, both to live and die.

To His eternal fame, in sacred story,
We find that He did lay aside His glory;
Stepp'd from the throne of highest dignity,
Became poor man, did in a manger lie;
Yea, was beholding unto His for bread;
Had, of His own, not where to lay His head:
Though rich, He did, for us, become thus poor,
That He might make us rich for evermore.

Nor was this but the least of what He did,
But the outside of what He suffered.
God made His blessed Son under the law,
Under the curse, which, like the lion's paw,
Did rend and tear His soul, for mankind's sin,
More than if we for it in Hell had been.
His cries, His tears, and bloody agony,
The nature of His death do testify.

Nor did He of constraint Himself thus give,
For sin, to death, that man might with Him live.
He did do what He did most willingly,
He sang, and gave God thanks that He must die.

But do kings use to die for captive slaves?
Yet we were such when Jesus died to save 's.
Yea, when He made Himself a sacrifice,
It was that He might save His enemies.

And, though He was provoked to retract
His blest resolves for such so good an act,
By the abusive carriages of those
That did both Him, His love, and grace oppose;
Yet He, as unconcerned with such things,
Goes on, determines to make captives kings;
Yea, many of His murderers He takes
Into His favour, and them Princes makes.

LI

OF THE HORSE AND DRUM.

SOME Horses will, some can't endure the Drum,
But snort and flounce if it doth near them come.
They will nor bridle nor rider obey,
But headstrong be and fly out of the way.

COMPARISON.

These skittish Jades that can't this noise abide,
Nor will be ruled by him that doth them ride,
I do compare those our professors to,
Which start from godliness in trials do.
To these the threats that are against them made
Are like this Drum to this our starting Jade.
They are offended at them, and forsake
Christ, of Whose ways they did profession make.

But, as I said, there other Horses be,
That from a Drum will neither start, nor flee.
Let drummers beat a charge, or what they will,
They'll nose them, face them, keep their places still.
They fly not when they to those rattlings come,
But, like War-Horses, do endure the drum.

LII

ON THE CACKLING OF A HEN.

THE Hen, so soon as she an egg doth lay,
Spreads the fame of her doing, what she may;
About the yard she cackling now doth go,
To tell what 'twas she at her nest did do.

Just thus it is with some professing men,
If they do ought that good is, like our Hen,
They can't but cackle on't where'er they go,
And what their right hand doth their left must know.

LIII

UPON AN HOUR-GLASS.

THIS Glass, when made, was by the workman's
skill

The sum of sixty minutes to fulfil.

Time, no more nor less, by it will out be spun,

But just an hour, and then the Glass is run.

Man's life we will compare unto this Glass;
The number of his months he cannot pass;
But when he has accomplished his day,
He, like a vapour, vanisheth away.

LIV

UPON THE CHALK-STONE.

THIS stone is white, yea, warm and also soft,
Easy to work upon, unless 'tis naught.
It leaves a white impression upon those
Whom it doth touch, be they its friends or foes.

COMPARISON.

The child of God is like to this Chalk-stone,
White in his life, easily wrought upon:
Warm in affections, apt to leave impress
On whom he deals with of true godliness.

He is no sullyng coal, nor daubing pitch,
Nor one of whom men catch the scab, or itch;
But such as who i' the law of God doth walk,
Tender of heart, in life whiter than chalk.

LV

UPON A REEKING BREATH.

DOTH this proceed from an infected air?
Or from man's common sweet and wholesome fare?
It comes from a foul stomach, or what's worse,
Ulcerous lungs, teeth, or a private curse.

COMPARISON.

To this I some men's notions do compare
Who seem to breathe in none but scripture air.
They suck it in but breathe it out again
So putrefied that it doth scarce retain
Anything of its native excellence.
It only serves to fix the pestilence
Of their delusive notions in the mind
Of the next foolish proselyte they find.

LVI

UPON DEATH.

DEATH'S a cold comforter to girls and boys,
Who wedded are unto their childish toys;
More grim he looks upon our lustful youth,
Who (against knowledge) slight God's saving truth.
But most of all he dismal is to those
Who once professed the truth they now oppose.

Death has a dart, a sting which poison is,
As all will find who do of glory miss.
The sting is sin, the law's its strength, and he,
Or they, will find it so who damned be.

True, Jesus Christ indeed did death destroy
For those who worthy are Him to enjoy.
He washes them in 's blood from every sin
They're guilty of, or subject-to have been.
So here 's nor sting, nor law, nor death to kill;
And yet Death always some men torment will.

But this seems heterodox, or mystery,
For Death to live to some, to some to die;
Yet 'tis so; when God doth man's sin forgive
Death dies; but where 'tis charged, Death doth live.
Death dies; but where 'tis charged, death doth live.

LVII

UPON THE SNAIL.

SHE goes but softly, but she goeth sure,
She stumbles not, as stronger creatures do.
Her journey's shorter, so she may endure
Better than they which do much further go.

She makes no noise, but stilly seizeth on
The flower or herb appointed for her food;
The which she quietly doth feed upon,
While others range, and glare, but find no good.

And though she doth but very softly go,
However 'tis not fast, nor slow, but sure;
And certainly they that do travel so,
The prize they do aim at they do procure.

COMPARISON.

Although they seem not much to stir, less go,
For Christ that hunger, or from wrath that flee,
Yet what they seek for quickly they come to,
Though it doth seem the farthest off to be.

One act of faith doth bring them to that Flower,
They so long for, that they may eat and live;
Which to attain is not in others' power,
Though for it a king's ransom they would give.

Then let none faint, nor be at all dismayed,
That life by Christ do seek, they shall not fail
To have it; let them nothing be afraid;
The herb and flower are eaten by the Snail.

LVIII

OF THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST.

Who's this, that cometh from the wilderness,
Like smoky pillars, thus perfumed with myrrh,
Leaning upon her Dearest in distress,
Led into's bosom by the Comforter?

She's clothed with the sun, crown'd with twelve
stars,
The spotted moon her footstool He hath made.
The dragon her assaults, fills her with jars;
Yet rests she under her Beloved's shade.

But whence was she? What is her pedigree?
Was not her father a poor Amorite?
What was her mother, but as others be,
A poor, a wretched, and sinful Hittite?

Yea, as for her, the day that she was born,
As loathsome, out of doors they did her cast;
Naked and filthy, foul and most forlorn:
This was her pedigree from first to last.

Nor was she pitied in this estate,
All let her lie polluted in her blood:
None her condition did commiserate,
There was no heart that sought to do her good.

Yet she unto these ornaments is come,
Her breasts are fashioned, her hair is grown;
She is made heiress of the best kingdom;
All her indignities away are blown.

Cast out she was, but now she home is taken;
Naked (sometimes) but now you see she's clo'ed:
Now made the darling, though before forsaken:
Barefoot, but now as princes' daughters shod.

Instead of filth, she now has her perfumes:
Instead of Ignominy, her chains of gold:
Instead of what the beauty most consumes,
Her beauty's perfect, lovely to behold.

Those that attend and wait upon her be
Princes of honour, clothed in white array;
Upon her head's a crown of gold, and she
Eats wheat, honey, and oil, from day to day.

For her Beloved, He's the High'st of all,
The only Potentate, the King of Kings;
Angels and men do Him Jehovah call,
And from Him life and glory always springs.

He's white and ruddy, and of all the Chief;
His head, His locks, His eyes, His hands, and feet,
Do for completeness outgo all belief,
His cheeks like flowers are, His mouth's most sweet.

As for His wealth, He is made Heir of all;
What is in Heaven, what is on earth, is His:
And He this Lady, His joint-heir doth call
Of all that shall be, or at present is.

Well, Lady, well, God has been good to thee;
Thou of an outcast now art made a queen.
Few or none may with thee compared be,
A beggar made thus high is seldom seen.

Take heed of pride, remember what thou art
By nature, though thou hast in grace a share;
Thou in thyself dost yet retain a part
Of thine own filthiness: wherefore beware.

LIX

UPON A SKILFUL PLAYER ON
AN INSTRUMENT.

HE that can play well on an instrument,
Will take the ear and captivate the mind
With mirth or sadness, for that it is bent
Thereto as music, in it, place doth find!

But if one hears, that hath therein no skill,
(As often music lights on such a chance,)
Of its brave notes they soon be weary will:
And there are some can neither sing nor dance.

COMPARISON.

Unto him that thus skilfully doth play;
God doth compare a gospel-minister
That rightly preacheth (and doth godly pray,)
Applying truly what doth thence infer.

This man, whether or wrath or grace he preach,
So skilfully doth handle every word;
And by his saying doth the heart so reach,
That it doth joy or sigh before the Lord.

But some there be, which, as the brute, do lie
Under the word, without the least advance
Godward: such do despise the ministry;
They weep not at it, neither to it dance.

LX

UPON THE FLY-BLOWS

THERE is good meat provided for man's health;
To this the flesh-fly comes as 'twere by stealth,
Bloweth thereon, and so bemaggots it
As that it is (though wholesome) quite unfit
For queasy stomachs, they must pass it by;
Now is not this a prejudicial fly?

COMPARISON.

Let this good meat good doctrine signify,
And call him who reproaches it this fly;
For as this flesh-fly blows this wholesome meat
That it the queasy stomach cannot eat,
So they which do good doctrine scandalize
Present it unto some in such disguise
That they cannot accept, nor with it close,
But slight it, and themselves to death expose.

Reproach it then, thou art a mauling club,
This fly; yea, and the son of Beelzebub.



The Beggar

LXI

OF MAN BY NATURE.

FROM God he's a backslider,
Of ways he loves the wider;
With wickedness a sider,
More venom than a spider.

In sin he's a confider,
A make-bate, and divider;
Blind reason is his guider,
The devil is his rider.

LXII
OF PHYSIC.

PURGING Physic, taken to heat or cool,
Worketh by vomit, or by nature's rule;
But if it worketh not, then we do fear
The danger's great, the person's death is near.
If more be added, and it worketh not,
And more, and yet the same's the patient's lot,
All hope of life from standers-by is fled;
The party sick is counted now as dead.

COMPARISON.

Count ye the sick, one that's not yet converted,
Impenitent, incredulous, hard-hearted:
In whom vile sin is so predominant
And the soul in its acts so conversant,
That, like one with diseases over-run,
This man with it at present is undone.

Now let the Physic be the Holy Word,
(The Blessed Doctrine of our Dearest Lord),
And let the doses to the patient given
Be by directions of the God of Heaven,
Convincing sermons, sharp and sound rebukes,
Let them be beggars, Knights, Lords, Earls, or Dukes
You must not spare them, life doth lie at stake,
And die they will if physic they don't take.

If these do finally work, then let them have
Directions unto Him that can them save.
Lay open then the riches of His grace,
And merits of His blood, before their face.
Shew them likewise how free He is to give
His justice unto them that they may live.
If they will doubt, and not your word believe,
Shew them at present they have a reprieve
On purpose they might out their pardon sue,
And have the glory of it in their view.

Instances of this goodness set before
Their eyes that they this mercy may adore.
And if this Physic taken worketh well,
Fear not a cure, you save a soul from Hell.

But if these doses do not kindly work,
If the disease still in their mind doth lurk,
If they instead of throwing up their vice,
Do vomit up the Word, loathe paradise,
Repeat the potion, them new doses give,
Which are much stronger, perhaps they may live.

But if they serve these as they served the rest,
And thou perceiv'st it is not to them blest,
If they remain incorrigible still,
And will the number of their sins fulfil,
The Holy Text doth say that they must die,
Yea, and be damned without remedy.

LXIII

UPON A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

SPECTACLES are for sight, and not for shew,
Necessity doth Spectacles commend;
Was 't not for need, there are but very few
That would for wearing Spectacles contend.

We use to count them very dark indeed
Whose eyes so dim are that they cannot be
Helped by Spectacles; such men have need
A miracle be wrought to make them see.

COMPARISON.

Compare Spectacles to God's ordinances,
For they present us with His heavenly things,
Which else we could not see for hinderances;
(That from our dark and foolish nature springs).

If this be so, what shall we say of them,
Who at God's ordinances scoff and jeer?
They do those blessed Spectacles condemn
By which divine things are made to appear.

LXIV

UPON OUR BEING AFRAID OF
SMALL CREATURES.

MAN by creation was made Lord of all,
But now he is become an underling;
He thought he should have gained by his fall,
But lost his headship over every thing.

What! What! A human creature and afraid
Of frogs, dogs, cats, rats, mice, or such-like cr'atur'?
This fear of thine has fully thee betrayed,
Thou art back-slid from God, to Him a traitor.

How by his fall is stately man decayed!
Nor is it in his hand now to renew him;
Of things dismayed at him, he is afraid;
Worms, lice, flies, mice; yea, vanities subdue him.

LXV

UPON OUR BEING AFRAID OF THE
APPARITION OF EVIL SPIRITS.

SOME fear more the appearance of the devil
Then the commission of the greatest evil.
They start, they tremble if they think he's near;
But can't be pleased unless sin appear.
These birds the fowler's presence doth affright,
To be among his lime-twigs they delight.
But just men, who have with the devil been,
Have been more safe than some in Heaven with sin.

LXVI

UPON THE DISOBEDIENT CHILD.

CHILDREN become, while little, our delights,
When they grow bigger, they begin to fright 's.
Their sinful nature prompts them to rebel,
And to delight in paths that lead to Hell.
Their parents' love and care they overlook,
As if relation had them quite forsook.
They take the counsels of the wanton's rather
Than the most grave instructions of a father.
They reckon parents ought to do for them,
Though they the fifth commandment do contemn.
They snap and snarl, if parents them control,
Though but in things most hurtful to the soul.

They reckon they are masters, and that we,
Who parents are, should to them subject be!
If parents fain would have a *hand*, in choosing,
The children have a *heart* will, in refusing.
They'll by wrong doings, under parents, gather,
And say it is no sin to rob a father.
They'll jostle parents out of place and power,
They'll make themselves the head, and them devour.

How many children, by becoming head,
Have brought their parents to a piece of bread!
Thus they who at the first were parents' joy,
Turn that to bitterness, themselves destroy.

But, wretched Child, how canst thou thus requite
Thy aged parents for that great delight
They took in thee, when thou, as helpless, lay
In their indulgent bosoms day by day?
Thy mother long before she brought thee forth
Took care thou shouldst want neither food nor cloth.
Thy father glad was at his very heart
Had he, to thee, a portion to impart.
Comfort they promised themselves in thee;
But thou, it seems, to them a grief wilt be.
How oft, how willingly broke they their sleep,
If thou, their bantling, didst but wince or weep.
Their love to thee was such they could have given,
That thou mightst live, almost their part of Heaven.

But now, behold, how they rewarded are
For their indulgent love, and tender care!
All is forgot; this love he doth despise;
They brought this bird up to pick out their eyes.

LXVII

UPON THE BOY ON HIS HOBBY-HORSE

Look how he swaggers, cocks his hat and rides,
How on his Hobby-horse himself he prides:
He looketh grim, and up his head doth toss,
Says he'll ride over's with his Hobby-horse.

COMPARISON.

Some we see mounted upon the *conceit*
That their wit, wealth, or beauty is so great
But few their equals may with them compare,
Who yet more godly, wise and honest are.
Behold how *huff*, how big they look; how high
They lift their heads as if they'd touch the sky:
Nor will they count these things for Christ a loss
So long as they do ride *this* Hobby-horse.

LXVIII

UPON THE IMAGE IN THE EYE.

Who looks upon another steadfastly
Shall forthwith have his Image in his eye.
Dost thou believe in Jesus? (Hast that art?)
Thy faith will place His image in thy heart.

LXIX

UPON THE WEATHER-COCK.

BRAVE Weather-cock, I see thou'st set thy nose
Against the wind, which way soe'er it blows:
So let a Christian, in any wise,
Face it with Antichrist in each disguise.



The pound of Candles.

LXX

UPON A SHEET OF WHITE PAPER.

THIS, subject is unto the foulest pen,
Or fairest, handled by the sons of men.
'Twill also shew what is upon it writ,
Be 't wisely, or nonsense for want of wit.
Each blot and blur it also will expose
To the next readers, be they friends, or foes.

COMPARISON.

Some souls are like unto this Blank, or Sheet,
(Though not in whiteness): the next man they meet,
If wise, or fool, debauched, or deluder,
Or what you will, the dangerous intruder
May write thereon to cause that man to err,
In doctrine, or in life, with blot and blur.
Nor will that soul conceal from who observes,
But shew how foul it is, wherein it swerves.

A reading man may know who was the writer,
And by the hellish nonsense the inditer.

LXXI

UPON THE BOY DULL AT
HIS BOOKS.

SOME Boys have wit enough to sport and play,
Who at their Books are block-heads day by day:
Some men are arch enough at any vice,
But dunces in the way to paradise.

LXXII

UPON TIME AND ETERNITY.

ETERNITY is like unto a ring;
Time, like to measure, doth itself extend;
Measure commences, is a finite thing:
The ring has no beginning, middle, end.

LXXIII

UPON FIRE

Who falls into the fire shall burn with heat;
While those remote scorn from it to retreat.
Yea, while those in it cry out, *Oh I burn!*
Some, farther off, those cries to laughter turn.

COMPARISON.

While some tormented are in Hell for sin,
On earth some greatly do delight therein
Yea, while some make Hell echo with their cry,
Others count it a fable and a lie.

LXXIV

OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY at best is but as fading flowers,
Bright now, anon with darksome clouds it lowers;
'Tis but skin-deep, and therefore must decay;
Time's blowing on it sends it quite away.

Then why should it be, as it is, admired
By one and t'other, and so much desired?
Things flitting we should moderately use,
Or we by them ourselves shall much abuse.

FINIS

